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THE SPIRIT



VOL. V

March 1916

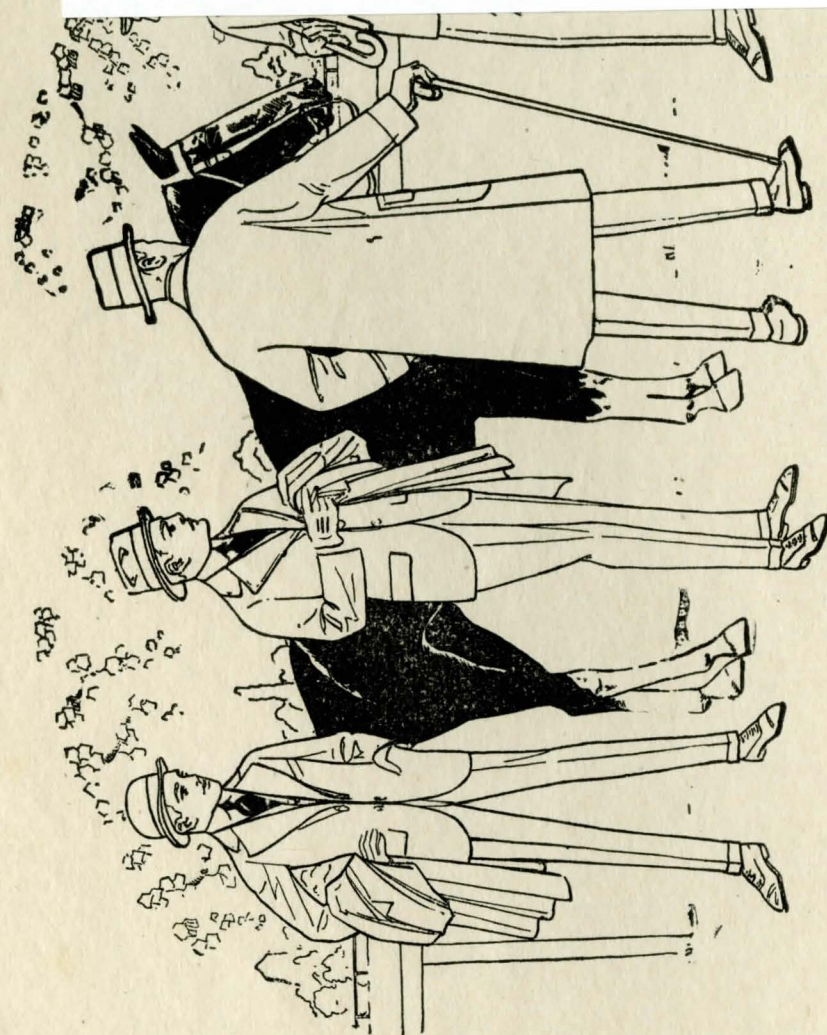
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For Better Clothes, THE TILDEN

THE SPIRIT

VOL 5.

MARCH, 1916

NO. 3.

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EDITORIAL

Spring is here! Some have already shown signs of that terrible disease which sweeps over the country during the months of March, April and May, known the world over as Spring Fever. There is a tendency for some to quit school, when the robin, swinging on the top-most branch of the tree, sings his sweetest song. Cheer up, for there are only two more months of school and then one shall have the whole summer to dream. Don't be a "quitter."

The students of Ames High have not shown any particular interest in helping us to secure more jokes for our paper. Lots of funny incidents happen every day in your classes. In order to get some of these incidents, we are going to re-establish the Joke Box in the Study Hall. Write them on a slip of paper and drop them in. It would take but a moment, and it will help us very much. Don't find fault with the joke department if you haven't helped to make it better.

We are now starting the work on the Annual, and we want the co-operation of everyone in Ames High, especially the Seniors. Don't forget to have your picture taken during the spring vacation. If anyone has any snapshots which we could use will you please hand them to the editor. Everyone work together and boost for the best Annual that Ames High has ever had.

—o—
Y. M. C. A.

Object: To create, maintain and extend throughout the high school a strong high moral sentiment; to bring students into a personal relation to Jesus Christ as Divine Saviour and Friend; to build them up in Christian character, and to lead them to affiliate themselves with some branch of the Christian Church.

CABINET

James Likely, president.

Roy Stewart, vice president.

Paul Potter, secretary.

Quentin Fernandez, treasurer.

Ernest Risley, chairman social committee.

Gifford Terry, chairman bible committee.

This high school maintains a membership totaling 34 with an attendance of from 15 to 25. Meetings are held in the Y. M. C. A. room each Tuesday evening. They are opened by short sentence prayers and a few songs; following which any business of the association is transacted. The meetings are usually of a devotional nature, with a leader selected from the boys. Lively discussions of vital topics are always helpful to those who hear them as well as those who partake in them. Once a month, a man is invited to come before us with a message; such men as Mr. Thompson, Rev. Hints, Rev. Handy, Mr. Hanson, and Mr. Hasbrouck. The faculty is represented in the membership by Mr. Pollard and Mr. Giese, who act as advisors to the cabinet. During the social hour which follows the devotional, songs are sung, or such games as boxing and wrestling are played. A quartette is being formed, although it has not yet made an appearance.

This organization is open to all boys in the high school and the men of the faculty. The dues are optional, and a card is given all members, which entitles them to the use of the gymnasium and to recognition in other such organizations.

LITERARY



WHEN SI AND SAMANTHA WENT TO THE CIRCUS

"Semantha, oh Semantha, where be ye anyways?" He was a roly poly little old man. He carried a yellow bill in his hand and it could be seen that he was very much excited.

"Well, what do ye want Si. I be right here in this here kitchen a gettin' ye some supper. A little old lady came to the door, her face slightly flushed from bending over the stove.

The old man thrust the bill in her hand and exclaimed, "There's goin' to be a circus in Steepleton to-morow and I want you and me to go. We haven't been to a circus for about twenty years. Oh, Samantha, do say we'll go. I jest be so 'cited I kin hardly stand still."

"That's just fine Si. Won't it be fun? We'll go, but not a soul must know it, for they'd think we was plumb crazy. We'll get up early in the mornin' so as to git there to see the whole show, and we'll take our dinner and stay all day."

"Semantha, I'll buy ye some peanuts to feed them there—oh say now, what do ye call them things anyways—the ones with the great long tonque and teeth stickin' out on each side?"

"Ye means them elephanthers, I s'pose," said Samantha scornfully.

"Yep, that's just what I do mean."

"Now Si, ye come into supper right away. Jest as soon as ye git ye're chores done ye has to help me fix some stuff to take to-morow."

When Si came in from doing his chores he found Samantha busily making a cake. "Hi, Semantha, and whet kin I be a doin'?" he asked.

"Go down cellar and git them crock of cherries fer me." So he went, but could find nothing except the butter and eggs. He looked and looked, but he couldn't find "them cherries," he said.

"Say, ye Si, what be ye a doin' anyway, ye hain't makin' them cherries air ye?"

"Oh," wailed Si, "I jest cain't find them blasted churries no place round this here cellar. Ye'll just have to come and git them ye're self."

So Samantha started down cellar, scolding to herself all the while. "Thet's jest whet a body gits fer sendin' a man anyway, fer they never be able to find nothing no how."

But just as she got half way down the steps, here came Si with the cherries, very red-faced from his hunt. "Well 'tis a pity I must say, thet ye couldn't heve found them afore this. Now ye jest sit down there and pit them every one, while I make the pie crust." Of course he did as he was told.

Before they went to bed that night their kitchen smelled of pie, cake, sauce, salad and most everything that one could imagine.

Neither slept much that night for they dreamed that they were at the circus feeding elephants and monkeys.

They arose early the next morning dressed in their best, packed their dinner and supper in the buggy and started for Steepleton. They arrived at the grounds about ten o'clock just as the morning show was beginning. They almost ran into the ticket wagon and fairly dashed into the tent for fear they wouldn't get a good place to sit. The bystanders smiled and winked at one another to see this old couple acting like children who were going to their first circus.

"My, Si," ejaculated Samantha, "hain't this circus fine?"

"Bet 'tis," said Si absently for he was watching the girls ride around the ring on horseback. By the time the circus was out it was dinner time, so Si and Samantha found a nice shady place to eat in.

All the time that they were eating they were talking about the wonderful things they had seen. Si said that he liked the girls who rode on the horses the best but Samantha said that that was just like a man and she liked the dancing monkeys the best.

"Well, now," said Samantha, "We've set here long enough, let's go see them there animals."

But Si said, "Jest wait until I git ye some peanuts to feed them monkeys and elephanters." So he got the peanuts fir her. Then they went to the animal tent. "Say, Semantha, do look at thet big striped cat, wa'll ye? I'd kinder like to heve one, wouldn't ye?"

"Sakes alive, ye foolish man, them animals is fierce, and they'd jest as lief eat a man as to look at him."

"Ma! Ma! Do look at thet little mule, will ye? Ain't he cute?"

"Thet hain't no mule Si. I jest heard a man say it was a z—z—z—z—z—z—zeb—well anyhow it began with a Z. I know now—zebra. Yes, thet's what he said."

From this tent they went to the side shows. There they saw the snake charmer, the wonderful black horse and the gypsy fortune teller. By the time they were through looking around it was half past five. Si tho't that it was time to eat supper, so they sat down under a spreading oak and ate it. Then they started home. At half past ten they entered their own yard. My how tired and sleepy they were, but as happy as two children who had been good all day.

"Oh," sighed Samantha, "hain't this been a lovely day? I haven't had sech a good time for twenty year or so."

"Yes," murmured the sleepy Si. "I've hed such a good time. We'll heve to go to the next one too, won't we Samanthe?"

THE FLOWER GIRL

Those who had the pleasure of attending C—Beach last summer must surely remember the "Flower Girl." She was well known and well liked by all who visited this sunny beach in the warm months of summer. Pretty and sociable, she soon won her way to the hearts of young and old alike—and you found yourself wondering how she could have come to this beautiful occupation. For three years she had conducted a greenhouse and flower garden there, managing the business alone and securing enough during the summer months to support her until the following season. Her customers were many and she was always busy, either selling or caring for the lovely roses, lilies, pinks, sweet peas, and the many other flowers which she grows.

On a morning in June, as she was going about the garden, singing merrily as she cared for her plants and flowers, she was startled by a footstep behind her. Turning she beheld a young man in livery approaching.

"Good morning, Miss," he said, touching his cap. Without waiting for a reply, he continued:

"I have been sent to you by my mistress, who is ill. She has heard of you and requests that I get some posies of you."

"Certainly, sir," she returned graciously. "What kind does she prefer?"

"Well, she didn't say just what kind, but I think that any you select will please her very much. She only heard of you yesterday and wanted me to come right over this morning, for fear that you might be away. My mistress is an ardent lover of flowers and birds," he added, by way of explanation. The Flower Girl hurried over to the bed of roses, selecting a large bunch of the prettiest, making them into a bouquet.

"I'm sorry that your mistress is ill," she said. "But I am sure that she will enjoy these roses."

"Thank you, Miss. She is better this morning than usual. Although she has been confined to her bed for two weeks with a sprained ankle resulting from a fall, she has been sitting up for the last three days. Her nurse finds it hard to keep her quiet for she longs to get out these fine, summer days."

"Tell your mistress that I hope she will be patient until she can get out," said the Flower Girl as she followed the liverman out to his car. Just as he was ready to go, she happened to think of something.

"Wait, just a moment, sir," she said, and hurried into the greenhouse, soon returning with a package.

"Take this to your mistress," she said. It is a Chinese lily which is just budding. She can place it in her window and watch it grow as the flower opens. Keep it in moist sand and tomorrow it will open. Goodbye."

Next morning at the usual tasks, she was again interrupted by the footman.

"My mistress was so delighted with the roses which you sent yesterday that she sends me for more. She is carefully watching the lily and it is nearly open. She was so interested that her nurse couldn't read to her. She said that she would leave the selection of the flowers to you—for she intends to send me each morning until she is able to come herself."

A smile of satisfaction crept over the Flower Girl's face when she realized that she had made someone happy.

"I'm so glad she liked the Chinese lily. It is one which I have been tending since April, and I am sure that it was intended to brighten the life of someone. What flowers shall we take today?"

After some hesitation, they chose a nosegay of Mamouth Sweet Peas, which the Flower Girl wrapped carefully in waxed paper. The footman paid her and departed.

Thereafter, for a week or more, the footman called regularly, reporting a steady improvement in his mistress' health. The Flower Girl always saved the prettiest and rarest of her beauties for him.

Finally, one morning he was a little late in coming, and the Flower Girl grew anxious. At last, she heard the car coming up the road. Today, the footman was not alone. He supported upon his arm a lovely little lady, who smiled as she saw the Flower Girl.

"Good morning, Flower Girl," called the little lady, when she was within speaking distance. The Flower Girl ran to meet them, and they soon became acquainted. Then she showed them about the greenhouse and garden, taking pride in showing the flowers and in telling how she cared for them. The little lady was enthusiastic, pressing the Flower Girl for more information concerning herself.

"But my dear girl," she exclaimed, "Are you quite alone

in the world? How did you come to be in this pretty place?"

"Yes," answered the Flower Girl, rather sadly. "My mother died when I was fourteen, and my dear father was killed just three years ago in a train wreck in the West. Since then, I have been helped by everyone, and a man who was with father when he was killed gave me enough to establish this garden."

She stopped speaking, for the little lady had paled and was leaning heavily upon the footman's arm.

"What was your father's name?" she asked, anxiously.

"Why, Samuel Gardner was his name," she answered, wondering. "But why do you ask?"

"Oh, my dear girl," cried the little lady, as she embraced the Flower Girl in her arms. "Samuel Gardner was my brother and I have been looking for you these three long years."

—Paul Potter, '14.

MR. SKREGG'S TREACHERY

The hot July sun glared down from a creal blue sky, making the heat unbearable in the little kitchen of our western shack, where I had gone to keep house for my brother on his ranch. The only breath of wind I felt that afternoon was when a fly buzzed lazily past me.

I longed to go to my room and rest. It would be so much cooler. My face was scorched from the heat of the irons and the work was not half done. The only sound in the house was the monotonous "click-clack" of the clock as it tolled off the seconds.

Looking out the window I saw the flowers I had worked over so hard in the spring, withering and fading under the hot glare of the sun. The grass was turning brown and in places dying out. The only shade tree in sight was a puny poplar down by the watering trough.

Thinking again of my cool room I reasoned that the work could be better done if it waited until the next day. Probably the weather would be cooler then, too. So putting things aside I climbed the stairs.

All was quiet and I soon dropped into a doze, but a busy fly seized this time for conquest, and buzzed over my head, alighting first on my cheek and then on my nose. I could not sleep.

Voices soon floated up to me, one sounded like an ax on a grindstone. It belonged to our neighbor, Mr. Skreggs, a little old man with shifting black eyes and a chin that was most inquisitive. Common report said that he was a man not to be trusted very far.

While I was sleepily musing over this fault of our worldly neighbor I heard my brother Ned's voice saying, "I think I can be back in a couple of days at the most."

"Yaw, easy done," grated out Mr. Skreggs. "Tell ye way ter' go four mile straight west of Brisbones. Granary at nor' est corner. Want work done quick." Mr. Skreggs always spoke abruptly, seemingly as tight with his words as his money.

"I'll find it," said Ned. "I'll leave a little note here for sis. Guess she's out."

I was at the head of the stairs but I was hardly presentable, so did not go down. Anyway, it didn't matter. In a moment they both galloped away. Sleep was out of the question, so I chose one of my favorite books to read while waiting for my supper to cook. On the table I found Ned's note:

"Dear Sis: Mr. Skreggs offered me work at very good pay. It is to fill up a couple of dry wells and move a granary off his place. It is about twenty miles away, but I think I can easily do it in two days.—Ned."

For some unaccountable reason I felt uneasy but I told myself that I was a goose. Of course I'd miss Ned, but then—he'd soon be back and the little separation would make him all the dearer. Besides I had much to do and work is good company.

That evening as I was in my garden a breeze whirled a little piece of paper in the air and sent it flying down in my path. For some unaccountable reason I stopped to see what it was.

"Get Ned Sawyer to do the work. Have him get Tom Blake to help and we can get them both out of the way at once. Make them think the land is yours and have them fill up those two wells and move the granary off. They are both newcomers and don't know it is government land. This country is getting too full of these 'respectable citizens' and I don't like it. Besides that land will come in mighty handy to graze our cattle on this spring."

No name was signed and there was no heading. I realized that this would be serious for the boys if they touched government land. How I wanted to run after them and shout the danger, but there was no way so I tucked the two notes into my book and tried to be patient.

The hours dragged by but finally morning came and with it a letter saying that my sister in Iowa was very sick and not expected to live. There was nothing to do but leave word for Ned and take a train for Iowa.

My journey proved very interesting and much shorter than I had expected.

My sister was very much improved but distance and a homesickness I had not fully realized before, won out I decided to stay with her a while.

Several days after my arrival I picked up my unfinished book that I had taken with me and was startled when two notes fell out. I recognized them, however, as the mysterious note of the garden and the one from Ned—poor old Ned. In my anxiety over sister I had forgotten the whole incident,

but now it came back to my mind more vividly than ever. I felt troubled, but surely everything was all right on Ned would have written to me. Then I wondered. It would be just like the dear boy to keep it all to himself to save us worry. I blamed myself over and over again for my thoughtlessness and resolved to write that very night and find out all about it.

My book had lost its charm, so I listlessly picked up the little western paper that had just come in the mail. The following headlines attracted my attention:

"SAWYER AND BLAKE TRIAL TOMORROW MORNING."

I trembled from head to foot and too weak to think, I read on mechanically: "Ned Sawyer and Tom Blake are charged with the grave offense of moving buildings off of government land and filling in government wells." On a little further: "This promises to be the most interesting case ever held in Mount Promise. The trial will take place at 10:30 tomorrow morning. The plaintiffs' lawyer, James Marlow; defendants, Russel Blackwell."

The injustice of it all sickened me, but somehow it stirred my mind, too. "Most interesting case" indeed! My imagination was going by leaps and bounds. I rushed upstairs and then gathering a few things together rushed down again to bid the folks goodbye.

Hardly stopping to explain to them I was soon out of the door and flying toward the telegraph station. A message to Ned's attorney told him when to expect me. The train whistled and started just as I ran across the platform of the depot, but I climbed on in spite of the protest of the brakeman. Ned needed my evidence. That was the one supreme thought in my mind.

How slowly the train moved—the hours dragged by. The moon came out making the country bright with her rays. Lights twinkled in the houses as we sped by them. Distant trees seemed to loom up into the silvery sky. Anxious and troubled as I was the peaceful night seemed to put her arms about me in comfort. On and on, farther into the country we flew.

That was the longest night I ever passed, but dawn finally came and the sun arose. Breakfast was called, but even the thought of food seemed to choke me. So I sat still and watched the houses and fenceposts grow fewer as we came into the ranch country. The sun rose higher and higher in the heavens and my anxiety grew to a pain, for fear I would not reach the court room in time.

Finally the straggling houses of Mount Promise appeared and the train slowed down at the little red depot. I admitted then that I was really glad to see it.

The sleepy inhabitants of that burgh would have seen a funny spectacle that morning if they hadn't been watching that "most interesting case." A young lady with her hat over one ear, hairpins sticking out at every angle, her coat over

one arm, and her suitcase in the other, might have been seen speeding down the dusty lane toward the court room.

I tried to straighten my belongings a little and then went in. Everything was hazy before my eyes. I remember seeing Ned, taking my oath, thrusting the precious notes into the lawyer's hands, but the trial was all jumbled and confused. It was really not until we had left that awful court room that I fully realized that I had saved Ned.

R. R. '18.

TO THE TOP OF A MOUNTAIN

Perhaps the most beautiful part of our trip last summer was the ride up Mt. Tamalpais, from San Francisco. We crossed the bay to Sausalito, and from there up to Mill Valley, where we took "the crookedest railroad in the world" up the mountain. It is an ordinary steam engine—that is, not a cog road—and the ascent is very gradual. The road twists and curves up eight miles to the summits of the mountain, which is half a mile above sea level.

Just after we leave Mill Valley we enter a forest of redwood trees. It is very cool and green, with a refreshing little creek flowing thru it, and a profusion of ferns and shrubs along its banks.

But gradually we rise above this canyon, and we look back down upon the tops of the trees, and across other wooded spaces. We are on the side of the mountain, and to our right, its stony cliffs are towering above us, while on the other side we look down on the road over which we have come, and we look out across the plains to the Pacific.

The Double Bow Knot is the crookedest place in the road—where the track parallels itself five times in about three hundred feet.

At the "Halfway Point" we change cars and go on a side line out to Muir Woods. It is just after noon, but the trees are so tall and close together and it is so shady that we only succeed in getting on snap shot. We cannot get the top of the tree into the picture, but as we take it, the trunk is about 25 feet high.

The woods cover about three hundred acres and consists mostly of redwoods, the tallest of these being three hundred feet in height. There is a little mountain brook winding in and out, with ferns along its banks. The paths are carpeted with fallen leaves, and there is a warm summer breeze thru the forest. We are thrilled with delight—it is all so beautiful. After we have rambled thru the woods, admiring the tall majestic redwood trees, and walking into the hollow trunks of some of them, with regrets that we must leave so soon, we go back to the railroad and are taken up to the top of the mountain.

Every moment the scene grows grander and more extensive. We see many miles out across forests, plains and fields,

across San Francisco bay, thru the Golden Gate, where the sky and ocean meet. As we go around the curves, winding up the mountain side, our point of view is continually changing. The sun is going down, and it colors up the mountains in the distance, Mr. Hamilton, and the Coast Range. They are hazy blue, and tinged rosy by the sun, with darker places down the sides where the canyons are filled with trees.

The train stops, and we start to walk up to an observatory on the very highest point, but it is very windy, so, from the side of the mountain we watch the sun go down into the sea. It is a ball of red fire, and casts its reflection on the water. At first the edge just touches the horizon, then it sinks, leaving wonderfully colored after it is gone. We are looking down twenty-five hundred feet to the sea. It seems very far because there are no other high mountains to obstruct the view.

After we have eaten at the inn, we go back down the mountain. There is no light in the car, except the light of stars. Then we cross the bay by starlight—and moonlight too—but brighter than these is the illumination at the Exposition grounds.

Doris Wilson, '16.

GLEANINGS FROM JUNIOR CLASS

Middy:

A person once did sailing go
Upon the rolling ocean;
He thought he'd like to take a row
When he was in the notion.

A farmer once did weeding go,
Upon a summer day;
He could not find a weed to hoe,
So thought he'd mow the hay. —F. L.

His back is brown, his breast is red,
His song is simply grand;
He sings at early morning time,
His music beats the band. —H. C.

The ground is wet with rain which fell
Last night while we were abed;
Slept through without a doubt but that
We would awake not dead. —B. I.

The air is soft, and crimp, and cool,
And not a soul is glum;
For soon we know we'll have no school,
The Spring! The Spring has come! —H. C.

His face was lean, and dark, and sad,
His eyes now lower fall;
The judge had ordered with stern voice:
"Back, to his prison cell!" —L. M.

The man was coming up the path,
His face was black with dust;
He had a milk pail on his arm,
And do his work he must. —A. McC.

A robin held his head quite high,
And raised his voice to sing;
His song was pure and sweet and clear,
Because he knew 'twas Spring. —C. V. C.

The day is dreary, long and dark,
The sun has gone to rest;
The clouds go swiftly o'er the sky,
And hasten to the west. —E. R.

The flower is small and round and red,
Its petals number five;
The bees they come to it and take
The honey to the hive. —B. I.

The rain is falling thick and fast,
While people passing by;
Are muttering words of discontent,
And wish that it were dry. —I. C.

The sun was bright, the day was warm,
As down the road there came
Some small boys with a long fish pole,
'Twas Sunday—what a shame! —C. H.

Her hair is shining silver gray,
Her smile is like the smile of day;
Her eyes a gleam of heaven hold,
Her ways are pure and rich as gold. —D. P.

Its petals and its leaves are green,
Its stem is short and brown;
It comes from out the old black ground,
And stays the whole year round. —R. K.

St. Patrick lived in days of old,
When Irishmen were green;
And that is why we celebrate
At this time every year. —E. T.

St. Patrick's day had come at last,
Each student dressed with care;
Each girl had helped another
Put green ribbon in her hair.
The streets were full of people,
Who hurried on their way;
Each seeking green at I. S. C.,
To celebrate the day. —I. Reins.

—o—

OH! BROOK

Oh, Brook! which winds 'round hill and dale,
Or near the meadow's edge,
Where daisies bend their heads to sip
The water from a ledge.

I wonder as the flowers drink,
And as you onward flow,
If anyone who knows you well
Can tell me where you go.

I love to wander near your edge,
And watch the trout pass by;
I love to linger on your bank,
While onward time doth fly.

Off'times when birds in yonder tree,
Sing their sweet melody;
My thoughts go on to that sweet day
When all shall be like thee. —W. E. S.

—o—

DAYS OF MY CHILDHOOD

When I, who only was a lad,
In that country of long ago,
How poor those gloomy days I had
How sad when'er I used to go.

No joy I had or friend as well,
Nor leisure time to play along,
No lovely home where I could dwell,
Nor pleasure—wealth to me belong.

I worked so hard from day to day,
With hard a task I often bear;
I did it all with life so gay,
With willing heart and faithful care.

I wandered oft alone from home,
In forest wide where nature's glue,
To watch wild rose and lilies bloom
And list son'rous brooks gently flow.

When evening came, I sat and gazed,
To the flickering twilight day;
Thinking that some day I'd find ease,
Perchance not long when'er it may.

I lonely dream in chamber quite,
Of happy times of days to come;
To God, I trusted in His might,
Who's in heaven, which is our home.

Oh! happy hours of childhood there!
Oh! sweet mem'ry of parted days!
Delicious days! painful year!
How sweet were thy comforting ways!

O what great changes thou hast made,
Since thy reign in my younger year;
Thanks, blissful moments, tender guide,
Sweet year of infancy dear!

—Quentin Fernandez, '16.

A TRUE STORY

The sun was setting o'er Zumwalt's hill,
Three riders and horses were standing still,
And on the wooded landscape gazed,
As at the roadside the ponies grazed.
A peaceful calm was over all,
And no sad thoughts did they recall,
When suddenly to their surprise,
A thrilling picture caught their eyes.
A woman on the hilltop stood,
And at her feet knelt true knighthood.
Her gown was rose, her face serene,
Her features marble-like did seem;
Brown were her eyes, as was her hair,
She seemed a creature wondrous fair.
Have you her rare form ne'er beheld,
As she the Ames High students quelled
But horrors!! how would mere man dare,

Salute an Ames High teacher there?
It cannot be I see aright,
I pricked the pony into flight,
And toward them rushed, I glanced anew,
And saw that he had tied her shoe.
Then quickly from his knees he rose,
And brushed the dust from off his clothes.
I drew a breath of quick relief,
Oh what then would have been the grief.
If she had left her history class,
American History alone to pass?
As down the hill the two did stroll,
A bunch of calves came round a knoll;
Oh save me! save me! now she crowed,
And drive those calves on down the road.
Her cry unheeded, then sank her hope,
As up the hill the calves did lope.
Then onward to the bank she rushed,
While he, behind her, came and pushed.
Heave Ho, my lad, the calves run by,
And quickly hoist me up on high,
The man obeyed, she clambered on,
And soon the summit she did crown.
The calves went by; all was serene;
And darkness fell upon the scene.

—By Dorothy Proctor, '17.

OMEGA LITERARY SOCIETY

Friday, March the third the Omega Literary Society gave a very pleasing program. They gave a play entitled, "The Merchant of Venice Up to Date." Bassanio is in love with Portia, but in order to win her, he must meet the conditions required in whichever casket he chooses. Fate decrees that he shall pass a Latin exam. He despairs until Antonio happens to remember Shylock, the Jew who loans Latin "ponies." Antonio borrows a Caesar pony from Shylock and signs a bond to forfeit one pound of his hair next the brain, if it is not returned. In the last act, the court scene, Antonio is brought to trial by Shylock, who demands the pound of hair. Portio disguised as a lawyer intervenes and brings in a professor to locate the brain. To Shylock's discomfiture Antonio is found to be brainless and is set free. The play closes, as usual, with weddings and Launcelot giving his blessings to the happy couples.

Cast of Characters.

Duke of Venice. Ernest Risley
Antonio, the Captain of the Football team. Ted Russell
Bassanio, his friend and suitor to Portio. Barclay Noble
Gratiano, also a friend. Claude Scarborough
Shylock. Wallace Longworth
Tubal, his friend. Floyd Lerdall

LauncelotJames Pontius
 The ProfessorGifford Terry
 PolicemanRoy Stewart
 Portio, Rich HeiressThelma Sealock
 Nerissa, her friendGilberta Luke
 Jessica, Shylock's WardRuth Philo
 Miss Coffey-JohnsonIla Wilcox
 Polly, Portio's MaidBeatrice Olson
 Mrs. BabbsMargaret Lysinger

An interesting tableau was given, "Old Sweethearts of His." While Donald Soper sat dreaming his visions were beheld by the audience and greatly enjoyed by all. During the dreams Ruby Wassar gave appropriate readings. As he dreamed we saw—

1. Childhood Sweetheart—Betty Hodson.
2. Country school girl—Martha Leson.
3. Tom Boy—Margaret Sloss.
4. The studious girl—Winifred Young.
5. The athletic girl—Geraldine Pratt.
6. The sweet girl graduate—Myrtle McCannon.
7. The football enthusiast—Genevieve Lang.
8. The domestic girl—Hazel Richter.
9. The ranch girl—Wilma Pettit.
10. Maude Muller—Doris Wherry.
11. The society girl—Gladys Ricketts.
12. Riding in the park—Marie Mortenson.
13. The bride—Ione Rice.

—o—

Answers found on High School Exam. Papers:

1. In India, a man out of a cask may not marry a woman out of another cask.
2. The equator is a menagerie lion running around the earth.
3. "James" is the subject of a fine-eyed verb.
4. Geometry teaches us how to bisect angles.
5. Gray squirrel is spelled "G-r-a-c-e W-h-i-r-l."
6. Parallel lines are the same distance all the way and do not meet unless you bend them.
7. An angle is a triangle with only two sides.
8. Gravitation is that which if there were none we should all fly away.
9. Gender shows whether a man is masculine, feminine or neither.
10. An abstract noun is something you can't see when you are looking at it.
11. Vocational education is training the voice.
12. Tennyson wrote, "In Memorandum."
13. Two explorers of the Mississippi were Romeo and Juliet.
14. The Pharisees prayed in synonyms.
15. A mountain range is a large sized cook stove.

SENIOR CLASS PARTY

About forty Seniors enjoyed a class party in the gymnasium March 4th. All of the members had to pass through a modern pergatory before they could reach the interior of the gymnasium, which was beautifully decorated in green and white. One of the special features of the evening was a hat-making contest, after which two boxes of Foss' Chocolates were rewarded. Mr. Glen Morris received the prize for showing his art in making the best looking ladies' hat, and Mrs. Giese was rewarded the prize for making the best looking man's hat. Other games were played during the evening, and at the close light refreshments were served.

—o—

JUNIOR CLASS REPORT

On Wednesday, February 23rd, a business meeting was held in the Study Hall, at which the following class flower and colors were chosen:

Class Color—Red and White.

Class Flower—Red Rose.

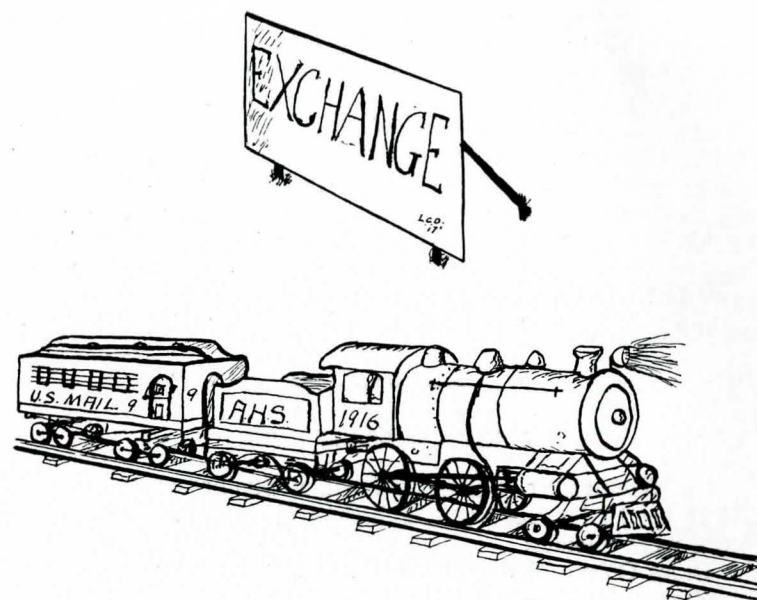
A committee of three was appointed to find appropriate mottos from which a class motto might be selected. The committee was: Frank Sowers, chairman; Paul Potter and Ione Rice.

The Juniors enjoyed a social evening on February 25th at the home of Dean Curtis, when Mesdames Dodds, Curtis, Sowers and Coulter entertained. After matching wits by guessing puzzles representing vegetables, a modern Marathon was staged. This consisted of a fat man's race, a boxing match, relay races, etc. Competition ran high and several "Junior" teachers starred in boxing for refreshments. Many girls were disappointed in having to enjoy their repast without partners! Where were you, boys? Everything progressed nicely and the class had its first real introduction to the class colors, Red and White. The hostesses are to be complimented upon this delightful social and the Juniors wish to show their appreciation.

—o—

I wish I were a little egg,
 A sitting in a tree;
 I wish I were a little egg,
 As naughty as can be.
 I wish a little boy would climb
 Right up that little tree,
 And then I'd bust my little self,
 And cover him with me.

DOROTHY PROCTOR, '17



Many more interesting exchanges have been received since the last publication of the Spirit. The following list includes most of them:

The Clique—Lamoni, Iowa.
 Pebbles—Marshalltown, Iowa.
 I. High—Independence, Iowa.
 Newtonia—Newton, Iowa.
 Bumble "B"—Boone, Iowa.
 Sisseton—Fairmont, Minn.
 The Pep—Red Oak, Iowa.
 The Philo Phonograph—Sac City, Iowa.
 Blue and White—Perry, Iowa.
 The Otaknam—Mankato, Minn.
 The Pulse—Emmetsburg, Iowa.
 Blue and Gold—Aberdeen, South Dakota.
 The Oracle—North Des Moines.
 The Spectator—Waterloo, Iowa.
 The Tatler—West Des Moines.
 The Boomer—El Reno, Okla.
 The Simpsonian—Indianola, Iowa.
 The Iowa Alumnus—Iowa City, Iowa.
 The Iowa State Student—Ames, Iowa.

All are welcome to use these papers. They may be found in the Principal's office. All we ask is that you will return the papers when you have finished reading them.

Again we have selected a few of the best of the original jokes and poems from the other high school publications and submit them to the readers of the Spirit.

Senior: "There was a death in Chem. Lab. yesterday."
 Prep: "Who was it?"
 Senior: "Potassium iodide."
 —Oracle, North High.

The kings are in the background
 Issuing comands;
 The queens are in the parlors,
 As etiquette demands.
 The bankers in the counting-houses
 Are busy multiplying;
 The common people at the front,
 Are doing all the dying.
 —Sisseton, Fairmont, Minn.

Prof: "What is dust?"
 Fresh Prep: "Mud with the juice squeezed out."
 —The Otaknam.

Junior: "My sister got a pearl from a clam."
 Soph: "That's nothing, my sister got a diamond from a lobster."
 —The Clique.

Sing a song of street cars,
 Seats all full of chaps;
 Four and twenty ladies
 Hanging on the straps.
 When the door is opened,
 The chaps begin to read,
 The latest advertisements
 Of the newest breakfast feeds.
 —The Blue and Gold.

Teacher: "Now then, all together, once more, "Little drops of water"—and for goodness' sake, put a little spirit into it."
 —Bumble "B."

First Junior: "Say, have you your English lesson for today?"
 Second Junior: "No, I am against preparedness in all forms."
 —The Tatler.

Teacher, reading aloud to the rhetoric class:
 "Toward the end of the ride they came to a ford—"
 "Oh ship that!" exclaiming the weary Senior. "I'm getting tired of these automobile jokes."
 —Philo Phonograph.

Profesor: "What makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"
 Student: "It was built in the time of a famine."
 —Sisseton.

"I saw Jack Johnson, Charlie Chaplin and Billy Sunday when I was out walking the other day."

"Well, what of it?"

"Oh, nothing, only it made me think of a chocolate—nut—sundae."—The Blue and White.

Senior Lad: "Let me be the light of your life."

Senior Lassie: "I don't want a light that goes out every night."—The Oracle.

Causes and Effects—

F—ierce Lessons.

L—ate Hours.

U—nexpected Company.

N—ot Prepared.

K—nocked Out.

—The Pep.

Teacher: "When was Caesar born?"

Student: "I don't know."

Teacher: "Didn't you see the 98 B. C. at the bottom of the page?"

Student: "I thought that was his telephone number."—The Tatler.

A school paper is a great invention,

The school gets all the fame;

The printer gets all the money,

And the staff gets all the blame.

,—Sisseton.

BASKET BALL

Indianola 18—Ames 15.

The team showed much improvement in team work and all around playing, the only weakness being their inability to hit the ring in several easy shots which would have won the game. Pammel was elected captin before the game.

Nevada 16—Ames 14.

After playing rings around Nevada the first half the team lost their eye for baskets and were beaten in the last half. The game was played on a small floor, which had but two outside lines. The smallness of the floor made team work difficult.

Marshalltown 50—Ames 11.

Marshalltown did their feat of a few weeks before all over again and beat us 50 to 11. Lack of team work and inability to hit the basket were the weakest points but the team was outplayed in all parts of the game.

Marshalltown—

Ames—

R. F. Boardman.....6 ft.	R. G. Pammell 1 0
L. F. Pell 1 0	L. G. Britton 1 3
C. Packer11 0	C. Swearingen 0 0
R. G. Smith 0 0	R. F. Lerdall 0 0
L. G. Hurlburt 4 0	L. F. Hammond 2 0
L. F. H. Smith 2 1	C. Stewart 0 0
L. G. Wood 0 0	
R. G. Ewing 0 0	Referee, Linden.

Ames 34—Nevada 15.

The team had no trouble in defeating Nevada. They put up a good guarding game and had good team work. The size of the floor showed on Nevada as they were all in the last half. Innis, who played the last six minutes, shot four baskets.

Ames—

Nevada—

R. G. Pammell 0 0	R. G. Drybread 0 0
C. Swearingen 2 0	L. G. Kinsey 1 0
R. F. Lerdall..... 5 4	C. Shaw 1 5
L. F. Hammond 4 0	R. F. Benka 1 0
R. F. Innes..... 4 0	L. F. Anderson 2 0
C. Stewart 0 0	L. F. Armstrong 0 0
	Referee, Merriam.

Boone 29—Ames 8.

Against Boone the team showed their same old weakness of no team work, and poor basket shooting. Boone played an exceptionally good guarding game. Hammond made most points for Ames.

Boone.		Ames	
Boone.	G. FT.	Ames	G. FT.
E., Cook	4 0	R. F. Hammond	2 0
F., Meredith	4 9	L. F. Lerdall	0 2
F., Lamb	0 0	C. Stewart	0 0
F., Schrader	0 0	R. G. Pammell	0 0
F., Ashby	1 0	L. G. Britten.....	1 0
G., Nelson	0 0	C. Swearingen	1 0
G., Whitehal	1 0	G. McCarty	0 0
		F. Innis	0 0
Referee, Linden.			

Ames 38—Ogden 19.

Ogden couldn't get the ball down the floor. The first half both teams played ragged ball. Ames came out with the majority of points.

Ames	G. FT.	Ogden.	G. FT.
R. G. Pammell	6 0	Pugsley	1 0
L. G. Britton	1 0	Ehlers	4 0
C. Swearingen	3 0	Marquardt	4 0
L. F. Lerlall	3 0	Stevens	3 3
R. F. Hammond	10 0	Lindholm	0 0
G. McCarty	0 0	Patterson	0 0
C. Stewart	2 0	Johnson	0 0
F. Innes	0 0		

Ames 60

Ogden 6

This game was played in the armory and the Ogden bunch showed plainly they were not used to a large slippery floor. They wouldn't mix and the ball was at Ames' goal most of the time. The team piled up a larger score on Ogden than any other team they played.

Boone 14—Ames 8.

The team drew Boone at the tournament and played them the first morning. The team started off good and were leading at the end of the first half 8 to 4. In the second half they failed to make a point and were beaten 14 to 8. This eliminated us from the tournament and was the last game of the season.

The games played here at Ames were poorly patronized. There is no reason why more students shouldn't support the team and if the games are not better attended in the future basketball will have to be discontinued, as the treasury showed a deficit of fifteen dollars.

The prospects are exceedingly good for next year as Pammel, Britton and Swearingen are the only ones lost by graduation and with Rufus and Lester Hoon, Murphy, McCarty, Innes, Anderson, Hayes and Ricketts to pick from to fill their places a first class team should be had, providing the students do the necessary backing up.



Mary had some little pranks,
That were witty, we'll admit;
And every place that Mary went,
She'd try some of these tricks.

She tried one in History class,
Which was against the rule,
Miss Thornburgh didn't like it—
Results: Mary kicked out of school.

Miss Fikel (in Eng. IV): I will give the cause and you may give the effect. The boy slid down the cellar door.
Ada M.: He tore his pants.

Lyle M. to Mary McCarroll: Say Mary, you know that little bungalow just two houses from our place. Well, it's for rent.

Ag. Teacher: "Name three things containing starch."
Soph.: Two cuffs and a collar."

Student: Are we going to be excused for the parade tomorrow?
Miss Thornburgh: I haven't been officially "reformed" yet.

Miss Fickle (in Eng. IV): Estimating lengths on the blackboard: Now Elmer please go up and put a foot on the board.

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Apply to Miss Isabel Valentine. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle
assistants.

Wanted—Some scandal for Kathryn Allan.

Wanted—Some one to solve Ardy Munsinger's troubles.

For Sale—Recipe for curly hair.—Douglas Waitly.

Miss Coffee (in Geometry): Can't any of you understand
this proposition? Edward Judge accidentally turns on the
lights?

Miss Coffee: Yes, I konw we all need a little light on the
subject.

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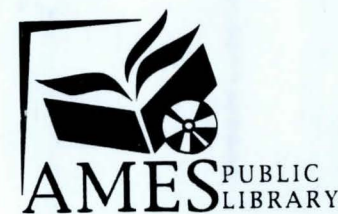
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